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J. W. M. Pozer, 31.1.07

Wilfulness; or, The Sailor's Story.

'Lina,' said Mr. Devereux, of Thornleigh Hall, to his pretty young wife, 'they tell me that young sailor we noticed in church some weeks since is dying in the Croft Cottage.'

'Dying, Ambrose! Oh, how can that be? He looked so eager, and his eyes were so bright, and in the Croft Cottage, too; why, I thought that half was in ruins, or that you had ordered it to be pulled down.'

'So I did; and the workmen had gone to

do so, when they found this poor lad there. It seems he is a stranger, who has been hovering about the village for some weeks, at first paying for a lodging in the farm-houses, but of late, I suppose his money ran short, and he has slept in barns till he found this empty, half-ruinous cottage, where it seems he has settled down, and will probably die.'

'Oh, Ambrose, I hope not; I liked his looks, and he seemed almost a gentleman, despite his clothes. Is he so very ill? May I see him? It is no fever, I suppose; you know I am thinking of baby.'

'No, dear, it is no fever; nothing infectious—the man who found him calls it "a waste." I fancy the poor boy is dying of decline. You can go and see him if you like, and send up anything he may want. I have ordered the cottage not to be touched till we know if he may be moved. I am just going to ride to Farnham to see the doctor, and send him up.'

Lina Devereux lost no time in crossing the few fields that lay between Thornleigh Hall and the Croft Cottage. Some weeks ago, for several successive Sundays, she had noticed the young sailor in the village church listening, it seemed, eagerly to the service, and every now and then fixing almost as eager a gaze on herself, a gaze,—however, which drooped instantly on meeting her eye. She had spoken to her husband of the young stranger, but all at once he had disappeared, and passed out of her mind, occupied as a young wife and mother ever is by household cares. Now, however, she reproached herself for this. 'If I had only reminded Ambrose again, and asked him to inquire about him, perhaps the poor boy would have let us help him,' she thought, as she knocked softly at the crazy door of the Croft Cottage.

'Come in,' said a gasping voice, and Lina entered a damp, empty cottage, the plaster falling off the walls, the floor broken and uneven, the window almost without any glass—in such a refuge had the sailor boy come to die. He lay on a large box in the corner of the room, covered with some old blankets, the loan of a poor neighbor, while the same hand had pinned a still older shawl behind his head to keep off the cold winds of the autumn nights. A cup of milk and an apple stood on a stool by the bedside. Mrs. Devereux stood aghast at the sight. The book lifted his head and smiled at her, and said, quietly, 'I knew you would come; please sit near me, and let me tell you all about it. I have wished for you.' He did not seem to need any answer, and began hurriedly, as Mrs. Devereux seated herself at the foot of the bed:—'You don't know me, and I don't know you, excepting your name; but I know your eyes. They are my mother's eyes, and the eyes of the angels. I saw you first in church, and I felt I must tell you all before I could die in peace.'

He paused a moment, and Mrs. Devereux, who almost fancied the boy might be wandering in his mind, asked softly:—

'But, my poor boy, what brought you to Thornleigh, and where are you friends? Can we not send to them to tell them you are ill?'

'I am Charles Rashdale,' said the boy, raising himself in bed, 'Mr. Morton's step-son.'

Mrs. Devereux started, for Morton was a name well known to her as that borne by a wealthy man in a neighboring county, and, indeed, she fancied she recollected some story of an elder son who had left home against his parent's wishes. Could this poor dying sailor be he?

The boy went on. 'Perhaps you know Mr. Morton; he married my mother when I was ten years old. I was never fond of him, though he was kind to her, and I think now, meant well by me. I know I was troublesome. I ran away from school several times, and angered him. By-and-bye, a little son was born, and then I thought my mother loved him better than me, and I told her so. She cried, and Mr. Morton was angry, and forbade me returning home the next holidays. One day, however, I came back, hearing he was away from home, and found my mother leading the little boy round the garden, like I saw you with your child one day. I kissed her, and then, at her own pressing desire (for she was afraid of my stepfather finding me), left her. I never went back to school. I ran away to sea. They say I killed her, for she died soon after she heard the news. I was three years at sea. In that time I tried to forget her, but I could not. Then I fell ill, and when I got on shore I felt I must see my old home once more, so I went there. It is two months ago; but it was all changed; my little brother was at school, and Mr. Morton, the people said,

had never got over his wife's death. It seemed no place for me so I wandered about, and one Sunday came to your church, and there I saw you, and your eyes, like my mother's eyes, kept me. And I sat down and listened. People say that going to church does no good. One hears the same thing every time, and one's heart hardens to it. But they should have patience. I had heard that many times about the wicked man turning away from his wickedness, and never thought it could mean me till I heard your clergyman say it, and saw you look pitifully at me, and then I knew it must be read for me. And I want to turn from wickedness, and you will help me, I know. I want to see Mr. Morton, and ask him to forgive me for grieving my mother and going against him, and being jealous of my little brother. I would have gone to him myself, but I have grown so weak I could not walk, and my money is all gone. I have lain here a week, and I was afraid to die till I had told some one, and saved my soul alive. See, there is my mother's book, she gave it me when I last was at home;' and from under the blanket he drew out a Prayer-book, and put it in Mrs. Devereux's hand. 'Read me something before you go,' he asked, 'a collect—I used to say them to my mother.'

Mrs. Devereux took the book, and, standing up by the sick boy, read the collect for the fourth Sunday in Lent. He listened with hands clasped.

'Thank you,' he said, 'now I only want to see my step-father and ask his pardon, and then I know God will forgive me for Jesus' sake. Will you be so kind as to send and fetch him?'

It was a painful, but not a difficult errand. Time and grief had softened Mr. Morton's heart; and he readily accompanied the messenger sent to call him to his step-son's bedside.

It had been thought unwise to move him, but every comfort the hall could furnish had been brought to the ruinous cottage. Still, Mr. Morton was deeply grieved at the evident poverty and want in which Mrs. Devereux had found him. He had frequently tried to discover and reclaim his lost step-son, but the boy had taken a fresh name when he had left his home, thus rendering inquiry fruitless. He freely assured the penitent boy that all was forgiven him, and seemed to think of nothing but how to best comfort him. No one, however, seemed able to do this but Mrs. Devereux, whom he connected in his mind with his dead mother. She hardly left him for the two days that life lingered, and when in moments of delirium he asked piteously for his little brother, she sent to the Hall for her own boy to quiet the sufferer. Both mother and child were present at the last, and when the slow breathing of the dying boy ceased, Mrs. Devereux hid her face in her baby's curls, and sobbed out, 'Oh, Ambrose! let us be very gentle with our boy, but let us teach him to control his temper. I do not know who is to blame, but I am sorry for this poor, wilful, wasted life.'

Yes! it had been a wasted life; but no one could doubt but that the prodigal had returned home, though the rejoicing was not on earth, but the angels in Heaven were glad over this sinner that had repented.—'Chatterbox.'

Labrador Notes.

PATIENTS AND PROTEGES.

Something of the very practical nature of Dr. Grenfell's charity, of the help other than purely medical carried by the Hospital launches, is seen from the following extracts from letters recently received:—

Two of the chief nurses of the famous Johns Hopkins Hospital, writes Dr. Grenfell, having volunteered for a summer's service, we allowed each 100 miles of coast, with headquarters at the biggest settlement. Both have been doing admirable work along hygienic and truly Christian lines. One had been directing the instalment of such homely things as drains, for she found much trouble accruing from the habit of taking the drinking water from the stagnant pools behind the houses. Indeed, I had to learn how well nurses can handle spades themselves. I now put no limits to their attainments. Besides a host of kindly and invaluable acts of thus teaching, helping, and nursing, one nurse had just seen a poor lad with meningitis (tubercular, of course) through his last illness. Yet the poor father told me in a flood of tears, 'Thank God for the nurse. What would we have done without her?' This nurse, through pressure of work, I had to remove to one of our hospitals. At one cottage in her district a little later I found it necessary to advise operation for removal of adenoid growths and tonsils in a child. To my great amusement and no little satisfaction, the mother replied she did not know how she could have it done 'without a nurse.' Vistas of the past, when myself and odd members of my small crew had so many times formed the whole talent at operations of much more importance ran before my eyes.

So well fitted did these nurses come that we were ungallant enough to trespass upon their supplies—for Labrador does not abound in pharmacies, and at our last case we had scarcely been able to finish for lack of ether.

We picked up in this district also another derelict for our orphanage. The father being of the tribe who can only work under orders, like a private soldier might, was quite incapable of supplying his own initiative. So the family had drifted into hopeless poverty and squalor. The mother was blind from scrofulous ulceration of the eye surface. Two naked, half starved boys were ranging the landwash. A tiny, rickety baby girl was whining piteously from want of nourishment. They had lost two boys since last I saw them, presumably from lack of nourishment. The help they had had from ourselves and the government had only left them again almost as destitute as primeval man, only without his capacity to prey on dinosaurs for dinner, with the natural rock weapons which nature affords so abundantly here. The other we took to hospital, the girl baby we handed to the care of our co-operative storekeeper to be 'washed' according to Mr. Dick's famous advice. The man and eldest boy we fitted out to go fishing. It is a simple process—one barrel of flour, two gallons of molasses, one tub of oleo, a little tea, and as a luxury, some split fat pork—three dollars' worth of oil skins, some boots, lines and hooks, a drop of tar and piece of oakum for his only available old punt, and a dive into our old clothes bag. The last member of his family, we 'lugged on orf' to the Orphan Home. Hope once more lit up our poor friend's features with his new outfit, and when we returned from the westward trip we had the great joy of hearing he had ten quintals of fish. If he goes on at that pace, by the time the season ends he 'won't want ne'er a bit for the winter.'

We have sent to our North Hospital, a quaint little couple we picked up lately. Two little girls of three years old—twins and exactly alike, black hair, brown faces, etc. Alas both born blind in both eyes. It was quaint to see these children in a nearly dark little room trying to see my pet spaniel, who had come into the room. They somehow knew his whereabouts, and unerringly ran over to find him. Afraid to touch him, they stood with their hands behind their backs stooping close over him, and twisting their heads sideways and every other way to try and make out his shape. Their father died last winter, and their mother is lending out her other little girl and coming to see if we can cure them of the 'double cataracts.' Blind folk in Labrador are not common, but we are now trying to gain admission for two hopelessly blind young men into the splendid Home for the Blind at Halifax, though there seems at present little hope of success. During the trip I was called to an old fellow living with his wife and little girl on the steep, craggy side of an island harbor. His two sons had died, and he himself had gone blind 'teatotally.' How he managed to avoid falling off the perch on which his house stood every time he stirred out and rolling off over the cliff into the sea, I cannot imagine. He, too, we could not cure, and I know of no blind asylum that would welcome an aged fisherman. A clean, tidy house spoke volumes of what it 'might have been.' However, life is full of these lessons, and Bartimeus's prayer must often go unanswered in its literal sense, in spite of the fact that some say, 'We have made advances since those days.'

Religious Notes.

The chaplain of the Evangelistic Prison Society of New York, the Rev. John J. Munro, has compiled some astounding figures as to the cost of crime in the United States, and publishes them in 'Harper's Weekly.' He calculates that in the whole country the total annual expense of maintaining police forces, criminal courts and prisons is approximately $750,000,000. The yearly loss occasioned by crimes against property appears to be above $150,000,000. If to this is added the loss of wages suffered by persons confined in prison, the grand total of crime-cost every year in America would reach the stupendous sum of $1,076,000,000, which is a tax of more than one per cent. upon the aggregate wealth of the nation. Contrasted with this, all the moral curative agencies in the country, including churches, schools, hospitals, and humanitarian social work, cost only $550,000,000 a year. From the most calculating material standpoint economy would appear to demand a larger outlay for religious and sociological reform work in order to abridge this crime waste.—'Interior.'

The Boxer upheaval of 1900 cost the lives of 177 foreigners in Shansi Province, China. Had an indemnity been claimed for these lives it would have amounted to millions of dollars. At the suggestion of Dr. Timothy Richard, of the Christian Literature Society of China, in lieu of indemnity, a modern university was founded to enlighten the ignorance of the literati and through them the whole province. So it came about that the Imperial Shansi University was established in Taiyuanfu in 1901. Now twenty-five students of this university have been sent to England, where they are to devote about five years to further study, chiefly that they may be fitted to develop the vast resources of their native province and promote the cause of progress in that part of China. The young men, while in England, will be directed in their studies by Lord Li Ching-fang, the new minister of China to Great Britain.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: Boys and girls of Mr. H.'s class, St. John's Pres. S. S., Port Morien, C. B., $1.00; T. H. Payne and wife, Strathroy, Ont., $2.00; Sunshine Workers' Mission Band, West River, N. S. $4.50; Total .. .. $ 7.50

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

IMPORTANT.

If the date on the address tag of this paper reads Dec. '07 it is already time to send in your renewal. You lose nothing by sending in ahead of time as we date extension from the expiry of the old subscription, and you assist us very greatly in handling the great rush of business that comes at the end of the year.

Remember, for those who send us 40c for their renewal at once, we send a Christmas 'Pictorial' Free. See elsewhere in this issue.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1907.

Ruth's Wise Choice.

Ruth i., 14-22. Memory verses 16, 17. Read the book of Ruth.

Golden Text.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth i., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 2.—Ruth i., 1-13.
Tuesday, December 3.—Ruth i., 14-22.
Wednesday, December 4.—Ruth ii., 1-17.
Thursday, December 5.—Ruth ii., 18—iii., 7.
Friday, December 6.—Ruta iii., 8-18.
Saturday, December 7.—Ruth iv., 1-17.
Sunday, December 8.—Ps. cxvi.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have any of you ever been very hungry and not able to get anything to eat? I do not suppose you have, but it is a very awful thing to suffer from. Here in our beautiful country we do not have the awful famines that sometimes sweep over other lands such as China and India. You will likely remember hearing about the sad things that happened in the recent famine in China. Long, long ago, in Canaan, probably about the same time that Samson was alive, a mother and father lived with their two little boys. One of these terrible famines came over their country, and they decided to go away from home.

Complete the story until the lesson opens, and then spend a little while longer on showing how it was Ruth's beautiful love that has made her remembered for so many years. Try to make the children understand how much love can do. Of necessity Naomi must have first shown love to Ruth, and this can be used to illustrate how we, by our loving natures, may be able to win others to God as Naomi did Ruth. Complete the story before closing the lesson, as it all comes within the scope of the study.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It is impossible when reading this short but marvellous little book to help wondering at the sweetness of the characters concerned in the tale, considering the disturbances of the times, the corrupt practices of the surrounding heathen nations, and the laxity into which the Israelites as a nation had fallen. The probable contemporaries are either Gideon or Eli, and in either case at any time between the land was exceedingly unsettled. In the family concerned the true worship of God seems to have been largely retained. Although we learn little of Elimelech, his name signifies 'Man of God.' As to Naomi the power of her religion is evident in the effect it had on those who were likely more than any others to discover and enlarge on any defects. Her daughter-in-law loved her with the deepest affection, both being ready to sacrifice home and friends, to exile themselves for her sake. Truly Orpah was deterred by Naomi's plain speech with regard to any future prospects, but nothing could destroy Ruth's resolve. Naomi, 'Winsome' or 'Pleasant,' must have truly won her name. The two sons bore names signifying ill-health, Mahlon, 'the Sickly,' and Chilion, 'the Pining One,' and their early death seems to bear out the supposition that they were never strong. It was probably the thought of how the famine might affect these boys that induced the mother and father to leave home. Of the remaining member of the family, Boaz, the next of kin, little too high can be said. He is a character whose greatness shines out in all his recorded words and acts. The gentle Moabitish girl trusted him implicitly, and the characteristic signified by his name, 'Active,' was thoroughly understood by Naomi (Ruth iii., 18). A decisive, God-fearing, chivalrous, just and gentle man, his character is a pleasing study.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 18. She was steadfastly minded. Steadfastness is one of the virtues crowned by history. Whether seen in Antigone of the Greeks—that ideal sister who would not desert even the dead body of her brother—or in Penelope, who trusted for twenty years in the returning ships of her husband, or in the disciples around Christ who died at last, here and there, in obedience to their attachment, or in the long line of martyrs whose blood is sprinkled all over the leaves of history, this steadfastness stands forth in unwavering excellence.—David Swing.

Why Mr. Moody insisted upon Immediate Decision. One Sunday night in Chicago, Dwight L. Moody chose for his text 'What shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?' and his closing words to his immense congregation were: 'I wish you would take this text home with you and turn it over in your minds during the week, and next Sunday we will decide what to do with Jesus of Nazareth.' That night the great fire broke out and many of his audience perished. Mr. Moody never forgot the impression thus made upon him of the lost opportunity, and in all his work afterwards he never said, 'We will decide next week,' but rather 'We must decide now that thy God shall be my God.'

There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. . . . The other element of friendship is tenderness. When a man becomes dear to me I have reached the goal of fortune. The end of friendship is a commerce the most stric shrdlu homely that can be joined. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, poverty and persecution.—Emerson.

It is only the great-hearted who can be true friends; the mean and cowardly can never know what true friendship means.—Charles Kingsley.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—Bonaparte.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'Ruth's passionate burst of tenderness is immortal. It has put into fitting words for all generations the deepest thoughts of loving hearts, and comes to us over all the centuries between as warm and living as when it welled up from that pure, heroic soul. The two strongest emotions of our nature are blended in it, and each gives a portion of its fervor—love and religion.

'That torrent of love swept away all opposition. I daresay that they said little more as they toiled along, two weary women, on the hot road to Bethlehem. Ruth would be silent because she poured her heart out, and Naomi, because she was drinking in Ruth's spoken love, and both, because they were at rest and had no need to talk.

'There is no need of love for so heroic a type, nor of protestations so vehement, in the ordinary family life of most of us. But how the prose of it would be lifted up, and the essential sweetness of it increased, if our family love was a little less tongue-tied! It is far more often too reticent than too voluble. Feeling may be talked away, but it may also be killed by never being allowed to come to words, and there are more households in America and England robbed of their greatest blessing, recognized family love, by reserve than by gush. If Ruth teaches us the preciousness and nobleness of family affection, that will be the best lesson from her story.'—Maclaren, in the 'Sunday School Times.'

'Here we have the eternal appreciation of every-day virtue and service in the midst of little, ordinary things, and the Divine recognition of these as powers in making the world what God wants it to be. It is meant to teach that in the timid breast of timid woman there may reside an energy which affects human life and the destinies of ages more even than clattering arms and clashing armies. . . . And Ruth, bringing into Judah only a woman's heart filled with a wonderful love, was able to do more for the land of her exile than its soldiers spending themselves in battle all along its frontiers.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Heb. xi., 25, 26; Psa. lxxxiv., 10; Rom. xiv., 5; Josh. xxiii., 8; Rom. xii., 10; Prov. xxxi., 30; I. Cor. xv., 58; Prov. xlviii., 14; Rom. viii., 38, 39.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, December 8.—Topic—Lessons from an old love story. The book of Ruth. Read in the meeting Ruth ii., 10-20.

C. E. Topic.

OUR WORK.

Monday, December 2.—The work of our hands. Ps. xc., 17.

Tuesday, December 3.—The work of the Lord. I. Cor. xv., 58.

Wednesday, December 4.—A mind to work. Neh. iv., 6.

Thursday, December 5.—How Hezekiah worked. II. Chron. xxxi., 20, 21.

Friday, December 6.—How Ezra worked. Ez. vii., 10.

Saturday, Dec. 7.—How we should work. Eph. vi., 6, 7.

Sunday, December 8.—Topic—Working for God. Hag. i., 7, 8; ii., 4.

What the Sunday-School Teachers Ought to be.

The qualifications of a Sunday-school teacher, to which I would call attention, are in addpition to a consistent Christian life, without which all natural and acquired ability will be in vain. Let it be taken for granted, once for all, that men and women that can do good work in our Sunday schools must be devoted Christians. Everything in connection with the teachers' work is subordinate to the religious idea. Hence his preparation must be pre-eminently spiritual.—Selected.

A Very Good Selling Paper

That is what the boys say of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' and it is their opinion and testimony that counts with other boys.

Just read this letter from a brisk New Brunswick boy:—

Campbellton, N.B.

Received 18 'Canadian Pictorials' yesterday morning, and sold all of them after school. Could have sold more. Please send 36 of December number. It is a VERY good selling paper. Please find find $1.80 for 18 sold. J. B. F.

Our friend hasn't told us yet what he's working for, but we don't mind. He is safe to go on just piling up his credit, and when he is ready he can get his rewards all at once.

Have YOU sent in YOUR order? If not, read the advertisement below, and lose no time in mailing that post-card.

N.B.—Don't forget the flag to the one who sells MOST 'Pictorials' in the two months of November and December. It's a prize worth trying for.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Sweet Helpfulness.

There's never a rose in all the world
  But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
  But makes some bird-wing fleeter.

There's never a star but brings to heaven
  Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
  To crown the unset splendor.

No robin but may thrill some heart,
  His dawn-like gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
  To set the world rejoicing.

—The 'Pacific.'

Mark's Chance.

A True Story.

(Ada M. Trotter, in the New York 'Observer.')

'I believe in you, Mark,' said the jailer's wife, cordially. 'I've found you a place at last, and—you've got your chance—now.'

'The matron's geese,' said her detractors, were always 'swans.' Superficially, the lad addressed presented no budding wings.

Mark Brown, undersized, thin to emaciation, with a large clumsy head, ill adapted to his frail body, stood apparently indifferent to the 'chance' offered him. His face, peculiarly unattractive, wore a sullen expression, his beetle brows crowded his eyes out of sight, his thin lips showed reticence in their closed lines.

'I want a bright lad, above all, trustworthy,' read the kind woman from the letter in her open hand. 'If you can promise that of your boy, why—send him along.'

Mark's sullen expression changed for one of some surprise. His lips quivered, but speech was slow to come.

'Well?' said the matron.

'He says bright—I ain't bright.'

'Why, yes, you are. You're a real bright boy. I shall miss you at every turn, you're so quick, and I can always depend on your word.'

Mark's face did not betray the pleasure these words gave him, but he took courage to speak.

'He wouldn't take me if he know'd.'

His friend colored. She had not read aloud the whole of the letter, written in answer to her eloquent appeal to Cousin Joe, to give the boy a chance.

'The dear Lord sends us new days. Let the boy start in fresh. Don't let him know that I've told you what he's here for.'

'I don't believe in concealments, cousin,' replied Cousin Joe. 'But wife and me won't go against you. If the boy is worth anything he shall have his chance. Send him along.'

The matron had discovered Mark in her first round of the cells. He had been sent to jail nearly a year before, because the Mayor did not know what to do for him, his offence being too slight to necessitate the Reform school. The boy being homeless, had been sent back to the jail until something could be done for him, remanded, forgotten, left for nine months to the companionship of criminals.

Mark, an orphan at thirteen years of age, was the son of a saloon-keeper, and habituated to the poisonous atmosphere of tobacco and alcohol. From their doubtful home life, he drifted to the streets, lived by his wits by day and herded with tramps in the pine kilns outside the city by night. The theft of a frying pan in which to cook his meals brought the lad to the Mayor's notice, and the jail.

The matron found him sitting solitary and in sullen apathy among the noisy crowd. She interested herself in his case, and when he was released took him into her service at the jail. 'He must have fine latent qualities,' she argued, when he proved himself to be handy and reliable, 'else such a childhood would have spoiled him utterly.' She watched him carefully for three months, then besought Cousin Joe to take him and give him 'a chance.'

A few days after receiving the letter concerning Mark, the good woman put the lad in the care of the conductor on the cars, and kissed him, whispering, 'God bless you, laddie,' as she hurried away.

The words, the kind embrace, affected Mark curiously. When the cars started the rumbling wheels seemed to murmur with the matron's voice:

'I believe in you, Mark. You've got your chance now. God bless you, laddie,' as she hurried away.

The words still were present in his mind when the conductor told him an hour later that this was Greenville, and he must leave the cars. The boy stood at the wayside station looking about him, forlornly enough. But suddenly a buggy drew up beside the platform, and the driver, a burly, kindly-looking farmer, called to Mark to jump in, as the horses would not stand. As Mark obeyed, scrambling clumsily over the wheel, he stared half-frightened at his new master.

Cousin Joe returned the stare with interest, certainly not prepossessed by the lad's sullen, beetling brow, and tight shut lips. He asked a few questions, receiving almost inaudible answers. Mark, nervous and inwardly excited, showed to poor advantage. This was his first peep at the country, at Nature in spring. He did not understand his own strange feelings as he breathed the fragrant air. At home in a liquor saloon, or even within prison walls, here under the canopy of heaven, with the carpets of flowers, the rustling bushes and trees about him, he was hopelessly at sea.

Mr. Burns let him alone. 'If he don't feel like talking, why, he needn't to,' he thought. So he drove on, whistling cheerily, calling greetings to passers-by, and keeping up a fire of reproofs to his skittish horses.

'You ain't got a grain of sense, Jimmy Blaine, to jump at a shadder. Ain't you 'shamed,'

Mark laughed, then, frightened at his own voice, colored, confused. Would the farmer be angry?

'So you can laugh? Good! Wait till you see Chris! He's the greatest feller to laugh and sing!'

Mark's beetle brows unbent as he looked up. Mr. Burns looked into his dark, half-puzzled eyes. He remained silent after this, immersed in thought. At length he spoke, pointing to a homestead on a distant hillside.

'Mark,' said he, 'that's my house up there on the hill—your home, too, if you do well by me from now on. I've got something to say, as I want you to put into your mind. Trust me. If you go wrong and want to get straightened out, come to me first thing. I could forgive a lad 'most anything if I knew he trusted me, and I heard from his own lips the very worst as he'd done.'

Mark looked straight ahead, his lips squeezed closely together, for there was a strange craving at his heart to blurt out:

'I've been a thief—I've stole whenever I got the chance.'

He shuddered as he thought how near he had been to speaking. The farmer didn't mean he'd forgive a sneak thief—surely not! He rubbed his hand across his brow, which broke out in sweat, as though fearing the brand of his crime must be visible then. Though he felt he had no place in this strange land, still he longed to remain. He glanced sidelong at Mr. Burns, his sullen face darkening with his resolve never to breathe a word of his former life. The kindly glance that met his eyes almost disarmed him.

'Trust my word, boy, for I don't know how to lie,' said Mr. Burns.

Still Mark closed his lips, more afraid than ever of shutting himself out of this foreign atmosphere which was so genial, so different from anything he had ever experienced heretofore. He drew a long breath of pure air, listened to the song of the birds, the lowing of cattle in the meadows, his eyes widening almost with affright as he thought how nearly he had lost it—if he had spoken. The horses galloped up the hill to the homestead. A pretty young woman stood in the porch waving greetings, and a chubby boy of three years ran to meet them, his yellow curls blowing in the wind. Mark had never seen child so pure and fair in all his existence.

'Pick him up,' said Mr. Burns, stopping the horses. Mark obeyed, half afraid to touch this creature, all white and clean. Then, as the child made friendly overtures, he took refuge in sullen silence, making no response.

The father noticed this—it was a bad sign, he thought. An hour later Mark sat with the family at supper, for the first time in his life in a home that was neither a saloon nor a prison.

By the time that Mark had been about a month at the farm, Mr. and Mrs. Burns exchanged opinions about him.

'It's a bad sign he don't take to Chris,' was the farmer's remark.

The young wife laughed.

'Why, Joe, he'd lay down his life for the child. Chris can see where your eyes are blind. He follows him everywhere.'

Mrs. Burns was right. Mark loved the child passionately. Chris would not be pushed away. He climbed about the newcomer, hugged him with his plump arms, stroked his face and covered it with kisses taking the solitary lad's heart by assault.

One day, speaking carelessly, the mother said to Chris: 'Take this cup to brother,' meaning Mark. That moment marked an era in the boy's life. Chris dubbed him 'brother,' his name was dropped by the household after this, and he became one of the home circle.

'He's a quiet chap, but reliable,' wrote Cousin Joe to the matron. 'Wife says he's real smart. He was some scared of the animals at first, but he's got over that, and never neglects them. Chris follows at his heels, and calls him "brother," as for the matter of that, the rest of us do.'

To Mark it seemed that the new name was a key that unlocked the last of the prison shackles from his limbs. He hugged the thought that he could live in this lovely home with the rest, and that no one knew what he'd been. He learned every day how good it was to dwell with people absolutely true. From the first he was accepted at that standard—no one doubted his word. They should never have reason, he resolved, clinging to his 'chance' as a drowning man to a straw.

Gradually the sullen look vanished, the beetle brows unbent, the eyes dark, eager, full of life came into evidence. The pure air and good food began to take effect on his miserable body, and Mark grew in every way—physically, mentally and morally. Like a child, the present became the reality to him, the past a bad, evil dream. Yet sometimes Mark would read a question in the farmer's eyes, and those words he never could forget would rise and haunt him.

'I could forgive a lad 'most anything, if I knew from his lips the worst he'd ever done.'

Sometimes he'd start up in the night, thinking a voice shouted these words in his ear. Then he would resolve to tell all—everything; but the risk was too great. The more he learned how to appreciate his home and surroundings the more he dreaded to lose them.

If Mr. Burns knew he'd been a thief he would keep Chris away from him. To live now without Chris—nothing, nothing should ever make him tell!

'He's a real good boy,' said Mrs. Burns.

'He has nothing to try him,' said her husband.

'He's so reliable!'

'Still—he is a living lie. He thinks we don't know.'

December set in with frost and snow. Chris began to chatter about Santa Claus and the Christmas stocking. Mark lasped into thoughtful mood, his one desire to get a present for the child.

Mrs. Burns took him into her confidence, told him about the tree that was to be a surprise, which brother must bring from the forest, and let him drive her into town and

help choose the brilliant nothings that go to make the magic glamor of a Christmas tree.

Mark, with parcels heaped about him in the buggy, mentally fixing upon the tree he would find which should rival the one in the toy shop, absorbed in this new happiness, utterly forgetful of the past, was suddenly brought to abject confusion and misery.

As he drove past a saloon near the outskirts of the town, two men staggered out into the street. Mrs. Burns felt Mark's sudden jerk to the reins.

'Do you know these men, Mark? They are pointing at you.'

'No,' muttered Mark, frowning sullenly.

'Did he know them? He had endured their brutal company for six months in the jail. He shuddered, remembering their boasted evil deeds, for which had they been discovered they must have hanged. Mark became desperate as he thought of those horrible men. Had they recognized him? Would they find him out, and come after him? Should he have to go back to the old life, say farewell to this happy life at the farm—never see Chris any more?

He believed the power of these men to be all they had boasted. It did not occur to him that there was power in goodness as well as in evil. Above all, it did not occur to him to trust his new friend, to tell everything he feared to the farmer. His one fear overpowered all else. If they came he should have to leave, for he knew they would never let him stay there in peace.

Two days passed away. Mark began to hope that the men had not been able to trace him.

It was the afternoon of the third day, and Mark was busy in the barn. As he approached the hay ,pitchfork in hand, a voice said:

'Mark, old chap, how be you?'

Mark shook like a leaf. Mr. Burns was in town. It was market day.

'We don't scarcely know you, sonnie,' said Bill, emerging from the hay. 'You riding like a king and we scrawling on our two feet.'

Mark shrank back toward the cattle.

'Ay! We knew you'd got out here, and 'twas worth lookin' after, so we come after you.'

'Is,' gasped Mark, 'is Bloody Dick here, too?'

'Why—not exactly. He's on the road waiting for the farmer.'

'To kill him?'

Bill laughed and rubbed his hands.

'Only quiet him a bit. Now, Mark, you hear, we'll do the square thing by you. Hes' got considerable silver.'

'I don't know nothin',' began Mark.

'We do, though. It's in a box under his bed. If you can get it out, all right; if not—well, we know how to help ourselves—spread it 'round as you was a jailbird, took for hookin' things and blame it on to you.'

'Where's Dick?' gasped Mark, looking round him fearfully.

'Dick's comfortable. He's 'way back in that dark bit of valley by the bridge. He'll come along soon as the coast's clear, and keep the woman in there and child from squealin', while we pack up what we want. I'll tap on that side door when we're ready, and you'll open kind of quiet and show us where the farmer keeps that chest. Understand?'

Mark nodded, his tongue refused service.

'Then mind you're on hand!' Bill's tone was fierce and menacing, and suddenly seizing the terrified lad in his arms he tossed him headforemost into the hay. Ere Mark, buried and suffocated, found his feet again, Bill had disappeared.

'Brother, brother! supper's ready.'

'Go away!' cried Mark, fiercely, as his idol appeared at the barn door. He went on with his work, feeling that though unseen Bill's sinister eye was watching his movements. When Chris was safely indoors he himself crossed the yard and entered. Softly yet swiftly he went the round of windows and doors, barring the strong shutters, rejoicing in the locks which he perceived would stand a siege.

'Why, brother, your face is all scratched up. What's amiss?' asked Mrs. Burns as Mark took his cup from her hand.

'I had a fall,' replied Mark, gloomily.

How peaceful and happy was this dear home. Chris, sitting on his mother's lap, was hearing about the Christ Child, born in Bethlehem. Mother and child seemed creatures in a clean, pure world, in which he had no place. He looked fearfully round—was there a gap anywhere in the shutter through which the evil beast outside might be overlooking this happy pair?— No; the curtains were drawn. Bill had no chance for espionage. Somewhat relieved, Mark rose and took his muffler and cap.

The boy paused at the door.

'You're going out, Mark?'

'Lock it after me,' he said; 'and don't open it—not for no one.'

'Why, brother?'

Mark was gone. He slid through the narrowest opening possible, listened to hear the bolts driven home, then crept stealthily into the shadow of the bushes to the road. Suppose he was hiding there—what should he do? Bill would murder him! He paused to listen. An icy wind stirred the trees, set the larches moaning, while the pines shook cones in showers upon the snow. The idea that he could warn the farmer had not come at once to Mark. He had been too much absorbed in his horror of the men and what they might do to Chris; but it came and with it the way in which the end might be compassed. The road forked some distance before the bridge. Mark must reach the fork before the farmer. But how? By the short cut through the pine wood, down the precipitous cliff path to the valley. Mark had made the descent in summer. He gave no thought now to the dangers of such a path over snow and ice.

Yet he was not a courageous boy. He started at his own shadow—every sound terrified him. He knew that once this region had swarmed with bears and wildcats. In imagination he heard them at every moan of the wind rustling its way through the aisles of pines; but, nevertheless, he bore on his way swiftly as he could glide along, and the darkness, so gruesome to the timid lad, the gloom of night settled deeper and deeper upon the forest.

How long he had been there, battling these fears for ills to himself and his horror of the fate in store for the farmer, he could not tell. But here at last was the precipice which he must descend ere the good man reached the fork, before, in the bend of the valley road, Bloody Dick was crouching—waiting to 'quiet him.'

And far away in the distance the frosty air brought the clear click of hoofs and merry ring of sleigh bells. A team was coming swiftly onward.

Could he reach the road in time? A kind of blind fury possessed the lad as thoughts of the happy home, the good man and Bloody Dick chased through his brain. He threw himself on the cliff path, crawling, falling, rolling, stumbling—and he was there on the road as the farmer drove round the bend, heading for the bridge.

Just then the moon came out, and Mark's imperative voice:

'Stop! For God's sake, listen to me!' came just in time. And a moment later the boy was on the side of the sleigh, pouring out in half frantic haste the whole story, burning his boats behind him, all—anything to save the father of Chris, to keep him out of the clutches of Bloody Dick. For himself, this would be the end. His 'chance' was gone. He must go back to the desolate life in the slums. The old life rose in horrible distinctness before his eyes as he poured forth his acquaintance with those 'birds of prey' who had tracked him to the farmer's door. The shackles from which he vainly thought he had broken loose, were locked again closely about him.

When all was told Mark stumbled back into the snow, rubbing something out of his eyes. His voice choked and his words now were all but inaudible.

'Chris! Don't tell—I bin a thief!'

Suddenly, becoming giddy, he staggered as he turned away from the sleigh; but a strong hand clutched his collar and, struggle how he might, escape was quite impossible.

'My son,' said the farmer, tenderly, 'it's time as we got home.'

The horses were turned into the old disused road, and Bloody Dick, crouching on the bridge, heard the sleigh bells jingling fainter and fainter in the distance.

Fighting the Current.

Instead of mourning and repining at the difficulties of life and of the Christian life, we ought to rejoice that the very magnitude and intensity of these hindrances testify to the fact that our movement is an upward one, and therefore feels hindrances from which we would be delivered if we were easily gliding down the current.—'Sunday School Times.'

The Different Kinds of Sensitiveness.

The wrong kind of sensitiveness is born of selfishness and egotism. Men and women who think they deserve a great deal of attention, and then feel they are not fawned upon and flattered as much as they imagine they deserve, are ready to hang their heads or burst into tears with the broken-hearted expression, 'Nobody loves me!' Winifrid Black hits the nail on the head when she says that the right way to answer that exclamation is with the natural query, 'Why should they?'

Someone has well said that when a man looks either for slights of for opportunities of service he always finds what he is looking for. Haman was a good type of one kind of sensitive man. Haman fed on public applause, and he hungered for everyone to bow down to him. And everybody in town did bow down to him except one old Jew named Mordecai, but so sensitive was Haman that all the bowing and scraping of a city full of people went for nothing because that stiff-necked old Jew would not bend his head. Haman was one bow short, and therefore miserable. Who of us do not know such people? It is the same kind of thing when a mother gets vexed and sorrowful, and is almost ready to take her child out of Sunday School, because some other little girl or little boy is called on to speak oftener in Sunday School concerts than is the child who is the apple of her own eye.

Another kind of sensitiveness which is bad is typified by Martha, at whose home Christ liked to go and visit. Martha was sensitive because Mary, her sister, did not express her love for the Master in pies and doughnuts and roast beef in the same way as she herself did. But Christ told Martha not to worry about

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it, for Mary had gotten deeper into the heart of things in her relation to the Lord than had she. How many times we are tempted to that kind of sensitiveness. Some people seem to prosper in a religious way, and yet they don't worship the Lord just as we do, and we are tempted to fret and get sulky about it. All such sensitiveness is mischievous. Let each one of us do his best according to his own light.

One of the most fruitful sources of trouble from sensitiveness comes from a temptation to fear that we will not be given the best things and be made as much of as some other people in the church or community. Now that comes from an entirely wrong idea of the source of happiness. Senator Chauncey Depew, in a speech in London, before the great International Christian Endeavor Society Convention, made this remarkable statement. Said he: 'The way to be happy is, if there is any good thing in you, to let others have it.' That is, we get our happiness not by standing around like a beggar ready to catch what other people will throw to us, but by going forward like a king or a queen, in generous love bestowing the largest of our abundance upon every one who will share with us. The happy man is not the one who is sensitively fearing he will be slighted in the distribution of blessings, but rather the one who is seeking to make himself useful and helpful to others.—Selected.

Six Little Words.

Six little words there are
  Which bind me every day—
'I shall,' 'I must,' 'I can,'
  'I will,' 'I dare,' 'I may.'
I shall,' is that high law
  Inscribed upon the heart,
Impelling to its goal
  My being's every part,
'I must,' the metes and bounds
  In which, on every hand,
Mankind restrains my acts,
And nature bids me stand.
'I can'—that is the dole
  Of action, strength, and art,
Of science and of skill,
  The Supreme may impart.
'I will,' the richest crown
  Which glorifies the whole;
The seal of freedom true
  Impressed upon the soul.
'I dare,' the mystic words
  To be read right, before
  My freedom's swinging door.
They'll move the lock which bars
'I may,' the infinite is;
  Midst infinites it floats;
Infinite light which gleams
  On finite sunbeam motes.
'I shall,' 'I must,' 'I will,'
  'I can,' 'I dare,' 'I may,'
These six words bind me just
  In life, from day to day,
Only as I am taught,
  Know I what every day,
I shall, I must, I will,
  I can, I dare, I may.

—Author Unknown.

The Punishment of the Procrastinator

(Ada Melville Shaw, in the 'North-Western Christian Advocate.')

That is a pretty big word up there but if you have a pretty big dictionary you can easily find out what it means!

Harold was a procrastinator. Rather a big affliction for a little boy but this is a true story—most of it, the biggest 'most'—so I cannot pick out a smaller word.

A boy who procrastinates puts off till by and by what he had a good deal better do RIGHT NOW.

It was a lovely fall afternoon, and everybody in the town felt as though they wanted to be out of doors. The maple trees were red and yellow and some of the branches were pink. The grass had not been greener all summer and in some places where the trees were many, the fallen leaves were knee deep.

'It's just wicked to have to go indoors ever, when it's like this,' grumbled Harold squirming about the top of the gate post. 'I wonder if mother had to go in always when it was just fine and dandy out of doors? . . . Yes, um?' This last part of the sentence was in answer to mother's pleasant voice calling from inside the house.

'I shall want you in ten minutes, Harold.'

'O mother, what for?' There were at least nine question marks in a row at the end of that sentence, wrapped up in the long whine of Harold's voice.

'Something nice, dearie! Mother has a surprise for you. So if you want to see Benny you had better rush right over now. You ought to have gone long ago, when mother told you you could. Two minutes there, two minutes back, and six minutes to talk. Run, laddie!'

But Harold did not run, he slouched, he kicked leaves, he swung around every hitching post, he leaped up to catch every overhanging branch and it took him six minutes to get to his friend Benny's, whose home was just around the corner.

Ten minutes went by, fifteen, twenty. Mrs. Howard came to the door and called, looking anxiously at her watch. Then she went into the house and put on her hat and walked quickly away. She had indeed a happy surprise in store for her little son, but he must learn to undo this ugly habit of procrastination, so she would have to let him lose part of the surprise.

Half an hour later Mrs. Howard came back, two boys walking by her side, with satchels in their hand and all three looked eagerly to see a slender figure dash madly down the street to meet them. But no figure came.

Then Mrs. Howard herself went to the home of Benny and asked for her son. 'Why, he left here ever so long ago,' said Harold's friend. 'He said you wanted him back in ter minutes, but I guess he stayed here fifteen.'

Where could he be?

The two boys with satchels were brothers and Harold's dearest friends whom Mrs. Howard had invited to spend a week with him. She had wanted him to go with her to the depot to meet them, and it was all to be a complete surprise.

The mother felt anxious in spite of herself and called on one or two of the neighbors but no one had seen Harold. The sun was setting—two hours were gone, three, four. Then a search began in earnest and long into the night, friends, neighbors, strangers, policemen, everyone searched for the missing boy. All too sadly had the surprise ended. The dainty supper provided for the travellers went untouched. By midnight, regular parties were organized. Telegrams were flying here and there and never had 'Central' been any busier. Lights burned in most of the homes of the little town all night. If the boy was found alive, the church bell was to ring fast and hard as ever it could; if dead—for now they began to think of this—it was to toll very, very slowly.

The night was cool and frosty. A really cold wind came up and dark clouds obscured the sky. Lanterns were brought out. Lenny and Horace, Harold's two friends, each with a lantern, wandered about the town, which they knew pretty well from previous visits, looking in all sorts of places, probable and improbable.

At last, they crossed an old tennis court not far from Harold's home. 'What good times we had playing tennis here two years ago—remember?' said one of the boys. His companion nodded without speaking, flashing the lantern back and forth.

'Hark, what's that?'

They stood still, shivering with cold and nervous dread. They heard a hoarse, trembling voice—a very wisp of a voice, singing:

'—— to thy bosom fly,
'While the nearer waters——'

'That's him! I tell you that's him!' they shrieked together. 'O Harold! Where are you? Holler! Holler loud!'

'Here! In the locker.'

At the back part of the field was a row of lockers used by tennis players. They were fastened on the outside by strong bolts, easily slipped into place. This year they had only been used once.

It took the boys only a second or two to dash back the doors one after the other and there at last they found poor Harold, crouched in the cramped floor space, cold, trembling, exhausted with shouting and crying. Like mad, Lenny, the faster runner of the two boys, dashed for the church shouting as he ran 'Found! Found! Alive! All right!' while the searchers turned to the tennis court and Horace stood by laughing and crying and shouting to see them carry the boy in their arms, the crowd increasing while the church bell almost split its sides shouting out the glad news.

This is the story Harold told! Having stayed so long at Benny's he thought he would be too late to keep his appointment with his mother, and he went to the locker to get a tennis racket he had promised to carry to a boy from whom he had borrowed it the summer before, and who had asked it of him several times. While he was in the locker—he had stepped inside to inspect a curious spider nest woven on the wall—a little child toddled by and for fun closed the door and locked it, so quickly that he had not time to turn around. The child, not realizing what she had done, ran on home. She was a foreigner, did not understand what was going on, and no one thought to question her.

'I had just made up my mind I had procrastinated once too often,' said Harold, munching weakly at fried chicken and taking trembling gulps of hot milk. 'I called and called and called. Then—I prayed. But no one came. I was so tired and sleepy, so I thought I'd sing "Jesus Lover" and lie down and perhaps—if I had to die——'

'But you didn't die, darling!' said his mother, once more kissing the precious tousled head. 'Those dear boys found you in time. O darling, it was all that old trouble, pro——'

'Mother!' pleaded the lad, 'if you can forget that horrid word I don't believe I'll ever make you remember it again.'

And it hasn't been mentioned among them from that day to this.

The Habit of Skipping the Hard Things.

Some people have the habit of skipping the hard things. It begins in childhood in school. Easy lessons are learned because they require no great effort, but when a hard one comes in the course, it is given up after a half-hearted trial. The habit thus allowed to start in school work easily finds its way into all the life. The boy does the same thing on the playground. When the game requires no special exertion, he goes through it in a creditable enough way. But when it is hotly contested, and when only by intense struggle can the victory be won, he drops out. He does not have the courage or the persistence to make an intense effort. The girl who lets her school lessons master her, who leaves the hard problems unsolved, and goes on, soon begins to allow other hard things to master her. The home tasks that are disagreeable or that would require unusual effort she leaves unattempted.

It is not long until the habit of doing only the easy things and skipping whatever is hard pervades all the life. The result is that nothing brave or noble is ever accomplished, that the person never rises to anything above the commonplace.

Thoughtful men are telling us that the reason so many do not make more of their life in a business way is because they have not fully mastered their trade or calling. As beginners they aim to do barely enough to get along and keep their place. They have no interest in making themselves proficient. They avoid what is hard and get through with just as little effort as possible. As a consequence, they never rise to anything higher. When a better place opens, which might have been theirs, they are not even thought of in connection with it, because they are not competent to fill it. So they are left where they first started, perhaps spending a lifetime in a position which they consider altogether un-

worthy of their abilities, simply because their rule of life is to skip the hard things and do only that which is easy and requires little effort.

In many ways does this habit of failing at hard things hurt the life. These difficult things are put in our way, not to stop us in our course, but to call out our strength and develop our energy. If we never had any but easy things to do, things requiring no effort, we should never get strong. If we timidly give up whenever we come to something that is hard, we shall never get beyond childhood. The Indians say that when a warrior slays a foe the strength of the conquered man passes into the victor's arm. This is true at least of the difficulties and obstacles in life which we master—we get the strength into our own hearts. If we decline the effort, and weakly say we are not able to make it, we have lost our chance of acquiring a new measure of power.

The skipping of hard things and leaving them behind has its hurtful effect on all the future. If it is in school, the lesson left unlearned is but one in a series, and we cannot go on with those that follow with any one dropped out. So the missing of even one lesson with its fragment of knowledge hinders further progress in that line. A pupil does not like mathematics and fails to master the science. By and by he comes up to other sciences in which mathematics is essential, and the door is shut to him. He has not the key to open it.

The lesson is,—be thorough. Go to the root of things. Never be content to do only easy things; seek rather to do difficult things. Anybody can conquer when the conflict is easy, when the opposition is feeble, when the enemy is cowardly. Let us be of those who overcome when the opposition is strong, when the battle is fierce, when the struggle is long, when the foe fights to the bitter end.

Young people specially should be eager to do hard things. There is nothing noble or brave in doing just what anybody else can do. 'What do ye more than others?' is a better text. The master calls his followers to heroic living. 'If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? for even sinners love those that love them. And if ye do good to them that do good to you, what thank have ye? for even sinners do the same.'

To-day one was telling of a salesman in a great store who on busy days hastens back before his lunch hour is over, that he may do even more than is required of him. Too many persons who are working for others keep their eye on the clock lest they put in a few minutes more time than they are actually required to do. Far more worthy are those who are eager to do their work thoroughly, regardless of the letter of their engagement. That is part of what the master meant to teach when he said, 'Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain.' That is the way a Christian should do; that is the way that leads to nobleness, to reward.—'Well-spring.'

DAINTY DOLL'S PATTERNS

Hundreds of little mothers were charmed last year with the dainty dolls' patterns we were able to supply.

The sewing season is on again, and dolly's winter wardrobe sadly needs attention. Then there are dolls to dress for baby sisters, dolls to dress for Christmas trees, dolls to dress for missionary boxes, and dolls to dress for—well, just for the fun of dressing them, and for another very good reason—to learn to sew neatly, that by-and-by you can make your own clothes. For all this sewing, it would be nice to have tissue paper patterns, 'just so like mamma,' wouldn't it?

Set No. 12.—Boy Doll's Sailor Suit.

We have them; just the patterns you want. The directions are clear and easy to follow, and there is a diagram to show you how to put your pattern on cloth, so as to make your cloth go as far as possible: even 'grown-up's' make mistakes, in that way, as mother will agree. The patterns are in only one size to fit a doll of 12 to 15 inches, but by cutting larger or smaller they can be made to fit almost any size Each set contains from three to six garments, including the underwear.

Group A.—Price 10 cents singly; any 2 for 15 cents, or for eight cents each extra when sent with any subscription.

Set 2. Girl's doll's out-door suit, with jacket and muff.

Set 4. Girl doll's indoor set, with pinafore.

Set 5. Doll's party dress, with cloak.

Set 11. Girl doll's sailor suit.

Group B.—Price 10 cents singly; any 3 for 25 cents, or for 5 cents each extra when sent with any subscription.

Set 1. Child doll's out-door suit with cape and bonnet.

Set 7. Infant doll's outdoor suit.

Set 8. Infant doll's indoor suit.

Set 12. Boy doll's sailor suit.

Give number and name in full of set when you order and send the money in one or two cent stamps. If any set you choose is sold out we will put in another of the same price. Get two or three little friends to join you and send the orders together so as to secure the lower price.

Address, Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—We cannot secure more of these patterns at so low a figure so order at once if you want them. Cut this ad. out so as to have it by when ordering.

Not a Pity at All.

I wonder if any of you have the same idea as a school-boy friend of mine who accompanied his mother to a meeting, to bid 'God-speed' to a young missionary just sailing for pioneer work among the savages of New Guinea? Looking at the bright face and well-knit, athletic figure, he exclaimed under his breath: 'Oh, mother, he does look splendid! He'd be just fine at cricket or football. What a pity he's going to be a missionary!'

Now, in case any of you have a lurking suspicion in some corner of your mind that somehow to be a missionary is to spoil one's life, let me tell you the following story of one of the truest heroes who ever lived; and I think you will see that high-spirited love of adventure, plenty of pluck and 'go,' and the most heroic courage and endurance are needed by, and have been found in, those men and women who, with hearts full to overflowing with the love of God, have gone to carry the message of that love to those who have never heard it.

Many years ago, living in a Christian home, was a boy who had a great desire to go to sea. His parents sent him for training to a naval college, and he finally entered the Royal Navy and rose to the rank of captain. Coming, in one of his voyages to a Chinese port, his curiosity led him into a heathen temple. Seeing the sad condition of the worshippers, who knew nothing of our loving Father in heaven, he determined then and there to take his stand boldly for Christ and the Gospel.

As his ship visited other heathen ports he explored them, and finding everywhere the great need for missionary work, he resolved to give his whole life to it. First, he went to Zululand, but when he had spent three years among the Zulus, a cruel war broke out between them and a neighboring tribe, and he was obliged to leave. Then he sailed for New Guinea, but after many attempts to win the hearts of its people, he had to turn his thoughts elsewhere. Still, disappointment only meant 'Try again,' and on he bravely went, determined to carry the Gospel story to those who had never heard it. If the people in one place would not have him, then he would try those in another. At last, after many trials and dangers, he and four brave friends reached Tierra del Fuego, 'the Land of Fire,' at the south of South America.

There he found men and women more sadly sunk in sin than even the other heathen people he had visited. They were so terribly wicked that at first he was obliged to turn and come home. But God who had led him to that needy place, and had given him the desire to bring the Light of Life into those dead hearts, gave him fresh energy and new ideas of how to reach them. So back he sailed, resolved that if he could not live on the land he would float on the sea, and so make his ship the mission station from which he could visit the natives. Thus it was that the foundation stone of Christian missions to that dark land was laid. But the brave man who laid it was not allowed to see the result of all the hardship and toil he endured for Christ's sake. He and his companions perished with cold and hunger. One by one they died, leaving only their diaries to tell the sad story.

God saw how weary his faithful servants were, and took them home to Himself, and to-day the name of Captain Allen Gardiner comes to us as one of God's noblest heroes. Do you not think he was a real hero? To-day there are many Christian churches in Tierra del Feugo and Patagonia, in which men and women who once were savages sing praises to 'Him who loved them and died for them, our Saviour and theirs.'

When you pray, will you often ask God to help and bless all the brave men and women who are facing discomfort, danger, and even death in far-off lands, in order to tell the 'Old, old story of Jesus and His love'; and pray, too, that God will show you how you may have a share in this glad work.—The 'Christian.'

Eleanor Wayland's Contribution.

Before the ladies in the vestry parlor, engaged in packing the box for the family of the Rev. Joseph Gordon, who, in a far-away Western field, performed the duties of missionary, teacher, lawyer and patriot for the salary of five hundred dollars a year, there appeared a sudden vision. The vision was in the most stylish of new spring fashions, from the top of her exceedingly expensive hat to the tips of her handsome shoes. Beneath the hat her eyes were half-apologetic and half-daring.

'I've brought my contribution,' she said, putting a package down before Mrs. Henry Thorpe, 'I didn't ask you this time what was needed because—well, because I struck. It came to me suddenly how, if I were a missionary's wife, I should loathe the sight of cotton cloth and second-hand clothes,— yes, and new ones, too, when they're all so dreadfully sensible and bought to last,—and how I'd long with all my soul for something frivolous. Of course,' with a sudden dimple, 'I'm not claiming that I know anything about how missionaries' wives really feel. I suppose they are all dreadfully good, and don't hanker at all after worldly vanities; but still, I don't believe it will hurt. I'm going now, so that you can disapprove of me. Good-by!'

In dead silence Mrs. Henry Thorpe opened the package. It contained a two-pound box of the best bonbons, three of the latest novels, and a bit of green pottery.

'It seems wicked,' Mrs. Henry Thorpe said, in honest distress.

'Novels—when the missionary must so need new books!' Mrs. Harper lamented.

'I can stand the books better than the vase,' Miss Ambrose declared.

'Well,' Mrs. Thorpe said, with a sigh, 'I suppose they'll have to go. But I must say it hurts.'

So the things—Eleanor Wayland's idle, useless things—were packed and sent in the box, and in due time a letter of thanks reached the church. Mrs. Thorpe read it aloud in the missionary meeting. At the close came a peculiar paragraph.

'And now, dear friends, I'm going to make a confession. I suppose you'll think me terribly frivolous and unfit for a missionary's wife, but there were three things that I just cried over—the candy, the new stories, and that lovely, lovely vase.'

'I don't believe you can imagine how starved one gets out here for something that isn't desperately earnest. I haven't seen a bonbon since I was married, two years ago, and, oh, how hungry I've got for a new book once in a while! And the vase—well, I sha'n't care if we do have nothing but potatoes for breakfast if I have that vase full of flowers on the table. Thank you all a thousand times; but thank especially the dear friend who remembered that missionaries' wives are terribly human, after all.'

A girl in the back of the church slipped out softly.

'Oh, I'm so glad!' she said to the November sky.—'Youth's Companion.'

High and Low.

A boot and a shoe and a slipper
Lived once in a cobbler's row;
But the boot and the shoe
Would have nothing to do
With the slipper, because she was low.

Put the king and the queen and their daughter
On the cobbler chanced to call;
And as neither the boot
Nor the shoe would suit,
The slipper went foremost of all.

—Selected.

Why Not a Flock of Ships?

It is not a wonder that the English language is puzzling to a foreigner. Consider for a moment the different ways in which we represent the idea of a number of persons or things massed together. If a foreigner were to see a number of ships on the water, quite a natural remark for him to make in English would be—'See what a flock of ships!' It would be funny, of course, but you can easily understand how he was misled by the phrase 'a flock of sheep,' where 'flock' is the correct word for expressing number.

A considerate friend might then explain to the stranger for his future guidance that a flock of girls is called a bevy, while a bevy of wolves is called a pack; yet a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host; but a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd. Still, a herd of children is called a troop, but a troop of partridges is called a covey; a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, while a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde; further, a horde of rubbish is called a heap, yet a heap of oxen is called a mob, but a mob of whales is called a school; a school of worshippers is called a congregation, while a congregation of engineers is called a corps; a corps of robbers is called a band, though a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd; a crowd of pictures is called a collection, but a collection of people is called a company; a company of ministers, however, is called an assembly, and an assembly of soldiers is called a muster.—Selected.

Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but, above all, the power of going out of oneself, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another. —Thomas Hughes.

Thinking for Oneself.

The largest library in disorder is not so useful as a smaller but orderly one; in the same way the greatest amount of knowledge, if it has not been worked out in one's own mind, is of less value than a much smaller amount that has been fully considered. For it is only when a man combines what he knows from all sides, and compares one truth with another, that he completely realizes his own knowledge and gets it into his power. A man can only think over what he knows, therefore he should learn something; but a man only knows what he has pondered.

A man can apply himself of his own free will to reading and learning, while he cannot to thinking. Thinking must be kindled like a fire by a draught and sustained by some kind of interest in the subject. This interest may be either of a purely objective nature or it may be merely subjective. The latter exists in matters concerning us personally, but objective interest is only to be found in heads that think by nature, and to whom thinking is as natural as breathing; but they are very rare. This is why there is so little of it in most men of learning.

The difference between the effect that thinking for oneself and that reading has on the mind is incredibly great; hence it is continually developing that original difference in minds which induces one man to think and another to read. Reading forces thoughts upon the mind which are as foreign and heterogeneous to the bent and mood in which it may be for the moment, as the seal is to the wax on which it stamps its imprint. The mind thus suffers total compulsion from without; it has first this and first that to think about, for which it has at the time neither instinct nor liking.

On the other hand, when a man thinks for himself he follows his own impulse, which either his external surroundings or some kind of recollection has determined at the moment. His visible surroundings do not leave upon his mind 'one' single definite thought as reading does, but merely supply him with material and occasion to think over what is in keeping with his nature and present mood. This is why 'much' reading robs the mind of all elasticity; it is like keeping a spring under a continuous heavy weight. If a man does not want to think, the safest plan is to take up a book directly he has a spare moment.—'Schopenhauer.'

Such a Joke

He was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him 'Old Solemnity,' and let him alone.

He scowled his forehead into wrinkles when he studied, and he had a fashion of reading his history lesson rolling his eyes round to see where the places were on the map, till he did look funny enough to make anybody laugh. Dick drew a picture of him on his slate one day, and the fellows nearly went into fits over it.

At recess we left him to himself. You see, there were enough of us for our games without him, and we didn't believe he would be any good at playing. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes; but we did not think much about it.

One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something,

but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and me. Then he showed us something else—a big potato he had cut in a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know, and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose; and Ted had scored queer little lines in his forehead, and given the mouth and eyes just the right twist. Just then the bell rang, and we hadn't a chance to show it to anybody else; but Dick said: 'We'll put it on a stick and pass it around at recess. My, but Tom will be mad!'

Ted rolled it up in a paper—'so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off,' he said, and dropped it into a drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while, another idea struck him, and he whispered to me:

'Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it at recess. We will tell the boys, so they'll all be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it.'

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer behind him, and when he got a chance dropped the little bundle into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it, for the minute recess came, before we had a chance to tell anyone, Tom rushed up to us with his face like a full sunrise.

'I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know you're the ones that did it,' he said; and I hadn't thought he could talk so fast. 'It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my sister Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know.'

There he stood holding up our nice big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we knew pretty well who had the best of the joke. We'd have made good models for potato heads ourselves just then, for we all stood and stared for a minute with our mouths open.

'Why, we didn't'—began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him.

'We hope she'll like it,' said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't selfish anyway. 'Is Sue the little lame girl I've seen at your house?'

So Tom told us all about her—I suppose he thought we must be interested, or we wouldn't have given the orange—how the scarlet fever had left her lame, how worried his mother was about it, and how he was trying to help all he could. We did get interested sure enough. We put that potato where nobody saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first rate, now; he is tip-top when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandmother how we came to get acquainted and she laughed and said:

'A good many of the people we dislike, dear boy, would look very different to us if only we took the trouble to be kind to them.'—Ruth Cady, in the 'S. S. Messenger.'

Helping Hands.

(These verses can be repeated by one speaker only, or by several children speaking together in a clear, orderly manner.)

Here, here we come with helping hands,
All ready now to take their part,
To share in happy temperance work;
Yes, here we come, with hand and heart!

These hands of ours can strike a blow
At cruel drink, that worketh ill,
The tyrant strong, our country's foe,
That doth the land with sorrow fill.

These hands of ours we'll wave on high,
As for the temperance cause we cheer;
Success to all who strive for right,
And may their triumph-hour be near!

These hands of ours can break the chain
That holds poor, feeble captives low;
We'll win them on the temperance side,
And on to light and joy they'll go!

These hands of ours shall wave the flag—
The temperance flag—each passing day;
We choose the standard of the free,
And for the truth we'll strive alway!

We're only young, but if we join
In work and prayer, and do our best,
Strong drink shall yet be overthrown,
Our land shall yet be truly blest.

Come with us, come, increase our throng,
Stand with us in the glorious fray,
With hands to help and hearts to plead,
Come, join our hand, and win the day!

—Selected.

Just Too Late.

(Concluded.)

'Although Nora appeared to have recovered in a measure her old health and spirits, there was still grave cause for fear, and upon my return home after some weeks of absence during which I had tried to shake off the nervous excitement all this had brought upon me, I was shocked to find she had returned to her old fatal habits again. I was conscious too that the painful secret was no longer my own. Sundry whispers of something wrong began to circulate amongst our servants, and, worst of all, through the parish. I cannot remember now how or where this was first revealed to me, but some of the horror of that terrible time remains with me to this hour.

'Yet I was only reaping the harvest I had sown, and bitter, bitter reaping it was. It would have been bad enough in any case; but for a clergyman's wife it was too horrible.

'The companion I had engaged plainly told me that it was imperative for Nora to be placed under supervision in a Home, and my deepest regret to this day is that I did not at once take steps to do this, and so prevent the awful consequences which soon followed my neglect.

'I shall never forget that sweet, calm Sunday in the golden month of September that had so tragic an ending for me. Even after all these years it stands out as clearly in my memory as though it were but yesterday.

'The morning dawned very full of that restful peace which so characterises that season of the year; but my heart was quite out of harmony with Nature's holy calm as I kissed my wife, who lay upon the couch in an apartment specially devoted to her use, and prepared to set out for the service. From the window of this room a view of surpassing loveliness was obtainable; a soft lawn shaded by some fine sycamores, and a wide expanse of blue ocean and those richly-tinted cliffs for which our fair Devonia is famous.

'But I was far too sad and worried to give more than a passing glance at it or at the beautiful old garden with the glowing dahlias and fragrant mignonette, and the exquisitely-tinted peaches on the southern wall.

'It was long since Nora had accompanied me on the Sunday, and I feared she never would again. Somehow I could not summon my courage to tell her of my now firmly fixed determination to send her away, and ever since I had first acquainted her with the fact of my knowledge of her sad failing, there had naturally arisen a great degree of constraint between us.

'A letter to the superintendent of the Home recommended by Dr. Bell lay ready for the evening post in a drawer of my study-table. I do not think I have mentioned that Lord Stanhope had died only a few months after our marriage, and his wife, completely prostrated by her loss, had gone abroad with her two sons. Nora's own mother had passed away before she was old enough to know her loss, so that I was left quite unaided in my great sorrow.

'It is said that "coming events cast their shadows before them," and throughout the whole of that morning's service I had to exercise a strong amount of self-control in order to conduct it as usual, and when at length it was over a feeling of dread came over me for which I could in no way account; and I was thankful when, having said farewell to those who met me with their usual kindly enquiries for my wife, who was generally understood to be a great invalid, I found myself at my own door.

'Reaching Nora's room, to my surprise I found it empty, and Foster when rung for seemed equally astonished, for her mistress rarely went out alone even in the grounds.

'She was nowhere in the house, and Foster, who had already become deeply attached to Nora, set out to seek for her. She had left her only quite a short time previously, she said, apparently asleep. Still with the sensation of dread upon me, I made a poor pretence at eating my dinner, and was about to put on my hat and join Foster when she passed the dining-room window with such an expression of terror on her face I felt sure she had bad news and went to meet her.

'I cannot remember what she said or how I gathered the awful truth; only I seemed to live years of anguish in those few moments; the next I was rushing down the winding cliff path to the sandy shore below our garden where Nora and I had often spent long golden hours, with Foster following and entreating me not to go on, and then—— Oh! Heywood, my dear friend, how can I tell you? There, lying amongst the great boulders, was all that remained of my beautiful, queenly Nora.

'The whole dreadful truth dawned upon me in an instant. Yielding once more to the temptation to which she was so easy a victim, she had afterwards wandered down the dangerous path while her poor brain and steps were unsteady, and losing her foothold, had fallen to the bottom.

'Of what followed I have no recollection. A merciful unconsciousness spared me some of the first anguish; and when at last, after a severe attack of brain fever, I arose from my bed, everything seemed like a horrible dream. But for the great sympathy and brotherly kindness of the friend who came to take my place till I should recover, I do not think I could ever have faced the world again.

'In spite of every precaution the affair had, of course, become public property, and even those who were most devoted to me, and full of sincere pity for my great affliction, agreed with me that it was best for me to resign the living. Indeed I was far too ill even then to dream of being able to undertake any kind of duty for some long time; besides which, by remaining in the place I must always be reminded of what had occurred.

'You have my story now, Heywood. Can you wonder that I am so bigoted, as you call it, or that I never lose an opportunity of warning those who, like yourself, believe Total Abstinence is an excellent thing in moderation; and who boldly tell you that strong drink is a "good creature of God."

'I quite thought that my work in life was ended, but the Master graciously opened up a new one for me here, and I rejoice to know that I can still labor for Him.

'You know now why I count no trouble too great that may rescue one soul from this awful fallacy; and I would earnestly implore you as a medical man to consider the tremendous responsibility of your position with regard to this question. I often think how little doctors dream what terrible mischief they may do when prescribing alcoholic drink. Surely a little quiet consideration must prove this to all thinking men.

'Above all, it behoves every abstainer to let no chance escape him of warning those in danger in time. Although I have the joy of knowing that through my poor instrumentality many have been led to enlist under the grand old Temperance banner, and that in my crowded parish there are happy homes and sober lives where once this demon Drink reigned supreme, I must always carry with me to the end the bitter knowledge of what might have been had I been faithful to my principles and never permitted the enemy a place in my home.

'In later years I learned that Nora's own mother had been affected with this terrible drink crave, as well as some others of her family; so that the doctor's prescription in her case served to aggravate the inherited disease. Oh! my dear Heywood, pause before you ever again prescribe this dangerous thing, and always, if at all possible, test well the nature of your patient ere you give it even as medicine.

'I see you are deeply impressed with my little story; let that impression sink into your inmost spirit; and when you are tempted to be swayed by those who would have you regard the matter in a mistaken light, remember what I have told you to-night, and have nothing to do with the poison. Hesitation in this vital question may be fatal, for while you linger it may be just too late.—Heather S. Larking, in the 'Temperance Record.'

A Capital Story.

Full of dash and spirit from beginning to end; full of the interest of real human lives, their joys, their sorrows; full of the dauntless courage and heroism that marked the old Greeks and Persians of the days of Thermopylae, Salamis and Plataea, one of the most stirring times the world has ever seen—such is the new story that will start in the Montreal 'Witness' the second week in December.

Every 'Messenger' reader would enjoy this story, the copyright of which the 'Witness' has secured from the author, Mr. William Stearns Davis, already so well known by his 'Friend of Caesar,' 'Belshazzar,' 'As God Wills,' etc., etc. The book would cost in the regular way—$1.50, while the modest sum of $1.20 will secure 52 issues of the 'Northern Messenger,' 52 issues of the 'Weekly Witness,' including this delightful story and other features of great interest too numerous to mention. 'Messenger' subscribers who have not taken the 'Weekly Witness' should try it for a year—the cleanest and best family newspaper in the Dominion.

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LITTLE FOLKS

How to Know a Goose.

'Mother! Mother!' cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight. 'I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!'

'What sight, my son?' asked the old rook.

'Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!'

'Geese, my son—merely geese,' calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. 'Through life, child, observe that when you meet anyone who makes a great fuss about himself and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Making Over of Cooky.

Cooky hated cats from the very bottom of his dog heart. When Prudence became a member of the household, he eyed her scornfully. Once or twice the two had a quarrel. Afterwards they just ignored each other.

Cooky was rather old and occasionally rheumatic; so in winter he had a box in the kitchen where he slept.

Prudence's bed was down in the cellar, and one morning Roy found two tiny kittens cuddled up beside her. He rushed upstairs with the news.

'We mustn't let Cooky see them,' said mamma; 'he might hurt them.'

So Roy guarded the cellar door, and for a while Cooky never dreamed of the new babies below stairs. But in a few days the weather grew cold, and Roy begged that Prudence and her kittens might be brought up into the warm kitchen.

'Cooky won't pay any 'tention to 'em,' he argued. 'He never looks toward Prudence now.'

When the little family moved into their new home, however, Cooky stared. Roy caressed and talked to him, that he might have no occasion for jealousy, but he noticed only by a wag of his tail now and then. His eyes were fixed upon those furry little babies.

The cat and the dog had their meals out of doors, but that noon after Prudence had taken up her abode in the kitchen she came out to her dinner alone. Roy filled Cooky's plate and whistled, but he did not appear.

'Where can he be?' thought Roy, and was just starting in search of him when mamma called softly: 'Peep into the kitchen.'

There in front of the kittens' box sat the missing dog. He wagged his tail briskly when he spied Roy, as much as to say: 'I'm on guard now! I'll be out as soon as their mother comes back.'

Not until Prudence returned to her charge did Cooky go to dinner, and this was repeated as often as the mother left her babies. It grew to be a common thing to see the dog stretched in front of the kittens' dwelling place.

One day mamma thought it was time to clean house. Accordingly she put the kittens out on the floor while she carried their box out of doors. Neither the cat nor the dog was there. A few minutes afterwards, however, on returning to the kitchen, she found Cooky beside the kittens, licking and fondling them in great content. He was still engaged in this happy occupation when Prudence appeared. As a matter of course the mother walked up to the babies; but Cooky growled a 'No' that made her retreat to the outer door, her back high.

Mamma came in and settled matters by putting the kittens back in their box, and after that Prudence and Cooky were more friendly. As the babies grew older their mother allowed the dog to play with them as much as he pleased, and he never seemed so happy as when rolling about on the floor, the little things pulling at ear or tail.

'Those kittens have made Cooky over,' said Roy.—'S. S. Times.'

More Like Jesus.

(By A. C. D., in the 'Child's Companion.')

When Jesus left His throne on high,
And came to live on earth, and die,
His words, His acts, His looks, we find
Always unselfish, always kind,—
Jesus, my Lord, oh! may I be
Each day, each moment, more like Thee.

Though He was often very sad,
He tried to make all others glad;
And went about from day to day,
Shedding bright sunshine on their way;
Jesus, my Lord, oh! may I be
Each day, each moment, more like Thee.

He never thought the way too long
To seek a lost sheep going wrong;
He listened to its faintest call,
Nor thought about Himself at all:
Jesus, my Lord, oh! may I be
Each day, each moment, more like Thee.

Where'er He was, by day, by night,
His Father's will was His delight;
And He with truth could ever say,
'I do what pleases Him alway:'
Jesus, my Lord, oh! may I be
Each day, each moment, more like Thee.

The Best Kind of a Doll.

'Oh, mamma,' said little Hetty, 'I wish I had a new doll.'

'I wish you had,' said mamma.

'Couldn't you buy me one?'

'I'm afraid not,' said mamma. 'I have no money to spare for dolls.'

Hetty knew that pretty well before, so she was not much disappointed.

'Susie Dean has such a beyewtiful doll, mamma. It is so big—' Hetty held up her two little hands to show how big it was. 'Did you ever see such a big one?'

'Yes,' said mamma, 'I have seen one so big.' She held her hands farther apart than Hetty held hers.

'Dear me!' exclaimed Hetty. 'But Susie's doll can open and shut its eyes.'

'So could this one,' said mamma.

'And did it have beautiful, soft, curly hair? Susie's has.'

'Yes. It had beautiful hair, too.'

'And pretty red cheeks?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, my! Could it cry? Susie's cries when you push on it.'

'Yes, it cried when you pushed on it and sometimes when you didn't.'

'Susie's mamma told her there are dolls that can walk, and some that can creep. Just think of it, mamma—a doll walking!'

'Oh, the doll I am telling you about could walk and creep, too,' said mamma.

'What a splendid, beautiful doll it must have been!' cried Hetty. 'Ever so much nicer than Susie's, I know.'

'Yes, indeed,' said mamma. 'Ever so much nicer.'

'Oh!' Hetty danced up and down. 'I wish you'd take me where I could see such a doll.'

'I will,' said mamma. 'Look here.'

She led her to the door of a room and pointed to a cradle. Hetty's little baby brother was in it, fast asleep.

'Oh, did you mean that?' said Hetty. 'Why, I meant a real doll.'

'I think he is as nice a doll as you could have, my little one. Did you ever see a doll with prettier curling hair and red cheeks? And when he opens his eyes you will see sweeter ones than any other kind of a doll could show. And he can walk and creep and cry.'

'But if he was a real doll I could do anything I liked with him. He won't let me do as I please.'

'But if he was a real doll he would never put his arms around your neck, and say, "I love 'ou, sissy.'

Hetty stood and looked at the bonny baby face. The blue eyes opened and looked up at her. And as the darling laughed, and held up his dimpled arms, Hetty took him up with a very loving hug, saying:

'Yes, I do think he is the nicest doll in the world.'—'S. S. Messenger.'

'Stick' Dolls.

(By Bertha Locke, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

The Rogers children had come into the country to spend the summer at grandma's. It rained the first day, and the trunks had not come. 'O dear!' said Jessie. 'What shall we do?'

'If the trunks were only here, we could play with our dolls,' replied Ethel. Elsie stood disconsolately looking out of the window, and then said, 'Let's call grandma! Perhaps she can think of something new for us to play.'

Grandma was always full of new ideas, and as soon as she saw the downcast looks, she said, 'Children, how would you like to play "stick" dolls?'

Being city children, and having all sorts of 'store' dolls, 'stick' dolls had never been heard of. 'O grandma, let's play it!' they all said, for they were eager to play something new.

Grandma left the room, and soon returned with her apron full of twigs, leaves and cranberries. 'Now,' she said, 'we'll first select a good-sized twig; that is for the doll's body. Then we'll put a cranberry on for the head, and for the dress we'll use a leaf, running the twig through the centre. Now we have a very good stick doll. The next one we will dress up in a shawl and bonnet, using a small leaf for the bonnet and another size for the shawl, pinning them on with small twigs.'

In this way a number of dolls were made, using the different kinds and sizes of leaves. It was fun for the children, and they soon forgot the rain in the pleasure of the game, and in fashioning new dresses and bonnets.

The day passed all too quickly, and when the weather was fine they went down to the orchard—just the place to play stick dolls. The children filled the hollows of the rock with moss and wild flowers, and they made such nice little houses for the dolls.

All that summer, and other summers, the children played stick dolls. They learned to know the different leaves and trees better, perhaps, than in any other way.

Thoughts of God.

(By Ann Taylor.)

God is in heaven. Can He hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, that He can; I need not fear
He'll listen unto mine.

God is in heaven. Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at me
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven. Would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though I said it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven. Does He care,
Or is He good to me?
Yes, all I have to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.

God is in Heaven. May I go
To thank Him for His care?
Not yet; but love Him here below,
And He will see it there.

God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call me to the sky.

Correspondence

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm five miles from town. We had our barn burned two years ago by the lantern exploding, but now we have a nice large one. I have two sisters and one baby brother, one year old. I go to school, and am in the third book, but I have to stay home in the fall to plough.

ORLEY GREEN.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Orley.—Ed.]

C. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I did not go in for the Entrance, as I had intended, as I did not think I would pass. My father is superintendent in the Methodist Sunday School here, and I like going very much. I would like to know the rules for drawing, and I would send one. I like drawing very much, and spend most of my time at it. I think the drawings are very nice, and one girl drew a very nice boat lately.

I have lots of pets, that I like very much. Annetta Crewson asked for a poem beginning 'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the Plain,' which is one of my favorite poems. We live on the banks of Clyde River, and have lots of fun skating in winter, and swimming in summer. The school is very near us, and I am glad I have not to go far in winter. I got the prize for being the best girl in school last term, and I am very proud of it.

MINA CAMPBELL.

[That's a very nice prize to win, Mina, but don't be too proud. Look up in Proverbs, and see what Solomon, that very wise man, had to say on that point. There are no rules for drawing, except not to draw on the back of your letter, and do not draw on cardboard, or color your picture. Sign your name and address at the foot of the picture. Otherwise you may do as you please.—Ed.]

L., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters, and two brothers. My eldest brother is a soldier in Halifax. My little sister has the whooping-cough, and she is cutting teeth too. She had it quite badly, but is getting better now. We have taken the 'Messenger' for over six years. I like to read the Correspondence Page. The Elgin, Petitcodiac and Havelock Railway goes right by our door.

HAZEL GELDART.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been interested in the stories of the 'Northern Messenger' for some time by my mother reading them to me. But as I am in the first reader, part I., I am beginning to read them to myself, and enjoy them more than ever. I got a dog some time ago, hoping she would be useful in guarding our house at night, but as she preferred to sleep rather than do her duty, I gave her away. I spent my holidays in southern Michigan, where peaches and grapes are grown in large quantities. I tell you, I had a fine time among them; you will know how. I will close with a riddle: Always at the head of fashion, yet out of date.

MAXWELL ROBERTSON (aged 8).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you a little about our Mission Band, and the way we give to the heathen. This Christmas we are giving a Christmas Tree. The way we are going to do is put all our presents on the tree, and we have a concert, too, along with the tree, and we have mite boxes in which we put all our odd coppers. Our presents which we give are clothes, toys, and scrap-books, which we make. We are making a quilt to give along with the other things. We have about 16 members in our Mission Band, and our teacher is fine. I would like to see other letters about these Mission Bands, and I think it would be nice if all would give the little heathen a Christmas tree. If I told all about our Mission Band, I would have too much to be printed.

HAZEL POTTER (aged 15 years.)

G. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' but my first was very short, so I will try to make this one longer. I have a little kitten called Snowball, a pup named Mintoo and a pet hen named Peck. Mintoo likes playing with us, and Snowball is always in our laps. We are soon going to practice for the Christmas Tree entertainment; I'm very glad. I think I will close with a riddle: What is older than its mother?

MAURINE RAVELLE (aged 10).

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and we have a beautiful mill pond, in which I like to bathe in the summer time. I have four sisters, three brothers, and a cute little nephew. My brother and I drive to school in the winter.

C. EDNA FERGUSON.

D., Alta.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer, and has quite a lot of horses, cattle, and sheep. Our grain is not very good; we are only going to thresh a little barley and oats, and maybe a little wheat.

I am sending a riddle: When is a bonnet not a bonnet?

JULIA MEEKER.

OUR PICTURES.

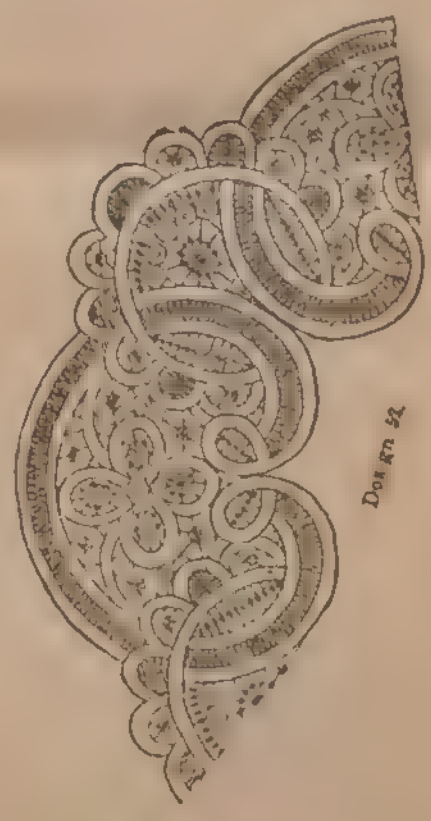
1. 'Bear.' Fred Tulley (aged 11), R., Man.
2. 'Maple Leaf.' Ina L. Bowley (aged 6), M.B., Ont.
3. 'Fish.' Irene Tully (aged 8), R., Man.
4. 'Our House.' Daniel McQuarrie (aged 9), M. H., C.B.
5. 'Polly.' Finlay Milne (aged 9), R., P.Q.
6. 'Pretty Poll.' Annie C. Gillis (aged 14), T., B.C.
7. 'Tiny out for a walk.' Jean Rumball (aged 8), M., Man.
8. 'A Girl.' Marguerite Reilly (aged 11), A., P Que.
9. 'Rooster,' Welland Ravelle, G.B., Ont.
10. 'Bird.' Walter Colburn (aged 11), W. H., N.S.
11. 'Daisy and her Colt Winny.' Julia Meeker (aged 13), D., Alta.

A Housekeeper's Treasures.

The various pieces of real lace that any lady possesses, whether for personal adornment or for home decorations, are looked upon as among her most cherished possessions; and their charm is much enhanced if they happen to be the possessor's own handwork or that of some dear friend.

Various styles of embroidery and fancy needlework come and go in popular fancy, but a really good piece of Battenburg is always in style, and has a grace and beauty all its own. But to give lasting satisfaction, the material must be of the best. It is such a pity to put time and patience in working out a graceful design in cotton braid, thread, and rings, which, while they may look well at first, lose their charm after one or two launderings, and never look well again. For this reason in arranging for the materials for the designs we are showing just now for the holiday demand, we thought it best to secure for our subscribers the best quality imported linen materials, even though it would be necessary to charge more for them than for cheaper cotton goods. But they are more than worth the difference in price when durability and lasting pleasure is considered.

A full size pattern of each design is supplied, stamped in black on blue cambric, and illustrated working directions are given with each pattern. Patterns may be used over and over again. Prices vary with size and design. Read descriptions carefully, and send money in postal note, money order, or registered letter. Stamps (one and two cent) accepted for small sums. Always send illustration with order to avoid mistakes, and carefully state size when design is given in various sizes.



ROUND CENTREPIECE, WITH DOYLEY TO MATCH

When beautiful machine-made braids and rings are skilfully combined with handwork, the whole result is, as a general thing, more easily and more quickly done than elaborate solid embroidery, every stitch of which is done by hand. This is the great charm of the Battenberg lace designs, which, when done in first quality linen material, are unsurpassed for richness and beauty. To-day's design is by no means difficult, and with the aid of the illustrated working directions supplied with each pattern, should be within the compass of almost anyone able to do plain sewing.

No. 1.—Doyley, size, 7 inches across; price 8 cents; material, 12 cents extra, or, material for 3, and the pattern for only 38 cents. Quantity needed for only one doyley, 4 yards braid, 1 thread.

No. 2.—Centrepiece, size 21 inches across, price 20 cents; materials to work, 45 cents extra, or 65 cents in all. Quantity needed, 12 yards braid, 2 thread, 32 rings.

Just a Friendly Introduction.

PASS IT ON.

There is no paper for home and Sunday reading that has won for itself such a warm welcome in the homes of Canada as the "Northern Messenger." Children delight in it now whose grandparents delighted in it forty years ago, and still feel that in their declining years there is nothing like it. Everywhere it is known it is spoken of with esteem, even with affection. It's influence in a home is beyond estimation, and can always be counted on as "making for righteousness." It is because the "Messenger" subscribers are its friends that we can confidently look to them to speak a good work at this subscription season in behalf of the "Messenger," to their friends and neighbors who do not know it so well.

Especially do we ask this in connection with those who are making new homes for themselves not only in the West, but throughout of the whole Dominion. Think of the pleasure a paper like the "Messenger" would bring, coming the year round to some of the isolated homes in newly settled districts. A few words to one of these new settlers, or would accomplish much. The plan outlined this page, cut out and slipped in a letter, o.i this page, which will appear from time to time, will enable our subscribers to do us this friendly service, and at the same time each subscriber and friend secured would be able to congratulate themselves and each other n getting such an attractive paper at so low a price—exactly half the usual rate.

You should send your own subscription with an ordinary letter bearing this ⊗ sign plainly marked at the top, and so save the blank form printed at the lower right hand corner of this page for the convenience of your friend.

But if you do not care to cut your "Northern Messenger," you need only show the plan to a friend and tell him that the two important points in sending his subscription are (1) to mention your name and address as the person who introduced the "Northern Messenger," and (2) to mark his letter with a heavy cross inside a circle, so that it may go to the department in our office created to attend to this "Pass on the Introduction" scheme.

At this time of the year when subscriptions are being sent in anyway, our readers may reap the benefit for themselves and their friends in the reduced rates which would be warranted by these introductions, and consequent increase in the circulation of the paper.

Our calculation is that we will in time be able to make good the loss on the additional new subscriptions taken on this basis by charging advertisers a higher figure. But those who "pass on the introduction," and so extend the circulation are in the meantime entitled to the full benefit of the extended circulation.

Only subscribers in Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), and subscribers in the British Isles and such of the British Dominions and Colonies as do not demand extra postage, are entitled to take advantage of this "Pass on the Introduction" scheme.

THE PLAN

PASS ON THE INTRODUCTION

Everyone who sends twenty cents
for a six months' subscription
to the "Northern Messenger"

will have his subscription extended
for six months more free of charge if he will

INTRODUCE the "Northern Messenger"
WITHIN TWO WEEKS of sending his subscription
TO SOMEONE WHO has not taken it hitherto
AND WHO in his turn, and within the two weeks
shall become a subscriber by
sending twenty cents for a six months' subscription
AND WHO when remitting his subscription
names the person to whom he is indebted
for introducing the "Northern Messenger" and this
"Pass on the Introduction" plan.

N. B.—By the above plan you and your friend
and your friend's friend's friend's friend
without limit may enjoy the "Northern Messenger"
at half rates.

A SUGGESTION FOR YOU

A friend of yours
who has not hitherto subscribed for the "Northern Messenger" will be glad both to know of it and to take advantage of the following proposition. Then why not mark the following letter and hand or send this copy to a friend? The following are submitted simply to save the time of yourself and friend.

Dear.....

If you are not already taking the "Northern Messenger" just look through this copy. If you like it, kindly give my name and address to the publishers as the one who introduced it to you and enclose twenty cents to pay for your own trial subscription for six months.

Then if you introduce the "Northern Messenger" to some friend of yours who will appreciate it and will, within two weeks of your remittance, send twenty cents to pay for his subscription for six months (also on the same conditions and with the same opportunity of securing a six months' free extension) the publishers will show their appreciation of your kind offices as they did of mine by extending your subscription for an additional six months free of charge. And your friend and your friend's friend will all enjoy the same opportunity of obtaining a six months' extension free of charge, so it is in everybody's interest that each "pass on the introduction."

I am,

Yours faithfully,

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....190....

A SUGGESTION FOR YOUR FRIEND

To the Publishers of the "Northern Messenger,"

"Witness" Block, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:

I am indebted to M.....whose address is.....for having introduced the "Northern Messenger." I hereby subscribe twenty cents for a six months' subscription on condition that if I also introduce the "Northern Messenger" to a friend who subscribes on the same conditions within two weeks of this date my subscription shall be extended for an additional six months free of charge.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....190....

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A GROUP OF USEFUL PATTERNS.

Thousands upon thousands of the busy house-mothers in the homes where the "Messenger" goes, appreciate heartily the assistance this pattern service gives them in their home dressmaking. At this particular season, when so much sewing clamors for attention this group of designs will be most welcome.

Space does not permit to give detailed description of above designs, but full directions go with each pattern, which are found very satisfactory on all sides.

No. 5851.—Ladies' Apron, Sleeve Protector and Cap. Sizes for small, medium, and large.

No. 5871.—Ladies' Shirt-waist. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inch bust.

No. 5862.—Ladies' Morning Jacket. Sizes for small, medium and large.

No. 5868.—Ladies' House Gown. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust.

No. 5857.—Ladies' Dressing Sacque. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust.

No. 5858.—Ladies' Fancy Blouse. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust.

No. 5826.—Girls' Blouse Dress. Sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

No. 5850.—Child's Round Yoke Dress. Sizes 2 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.

No. 5867.—Ladies' One-Piece Corset Cover. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

No. 5835.—Boys' Dress with Knickerbockers. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.

No. 5838.—Girls' Teddy Bear Dress. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

No. 5855.—Little Boys' Dress. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years.

Price of each pattern on this page, 10 cents. Give, number, and size very carefully, (or age, where needed), and give the name of the design in full, to avoid errors. Write Name (giving "Mrs." or "Miss"), and full post-office address, clearly on your order. Address orders to "Northern Messenger" Pattern Dept., "Witness" Block, Montreal.

Canadian Pictorial

The regular December Issue and the

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The Greatest Christmas Number Value Ever Offered in Canada.

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Many Christmas fancies and features

IN COLORS.

ONLY TEN CENTS.

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The Christmas Number edition is limited by the full capacity of our presses, and will run far short of the demand.

Newsdealers Disappointed

Already we have had to cut down newsdealers' orders to a minimum to their great disappointment. But we must have enough to supply all our regular subscribers.

Two Gift Copies Free

Annual Subscribers remitting One Dollar for a year's subscription are entitled (according to the offer published some time ago) to order copies of this Christmas number sent to each of two of their friends, free of charge, providing the two extra names for **GIFT COPIES** of the Christmas number be sent in with the subscription, and providing also that the subscription be remitted without undue delay.

It is largely because of this offer made first some time ago that we are now cempelled to limit orders from the news companies and dealers.

Wonderful Development

Starting hardly more than a year ago wth a small twenty-four page magazine the 'Canadian Pictorial' simply **bounded into popular favor.** For only one dollar a year, ten cents a copy, it gives the best features of 'Collier's', namely the fine pictures of news events and current interests and adds to that the best features of any woman's journal, namely the fashion hints and patterns, and the whole is printed on most expensive enamelled paper with the best possible ink. It is a dainty thing to have on the sitting room table and will interest visiting friends greatly.

Indeed the circulation has grown so fast that our large edition of over 20,000 copies will not supply the demand for this coming issue. We would print more if our presses would turn them out. An

Enlarged Equipment

will soon be imperative, and we are already planning for it so that we will not again have to reduce the agents and dealers supplies.

Subscribers should remit at once and so save disappointment.
Your friends will enjoy the Christmas Number greatly.
Kindly make the offer known.
A year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' is one of the best Christmas presents you can make to any home. It interests every member of the family

BOYS

wanted everywhere to sell the 'Pictorial' regularly for handsome cash profits or premiums.

The popularity of the 'Pictorial,' as shown above is such that it 'sells' at sight.' A post-card will bring you full particulars.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Window Garden.

As a rule house plants should be summer grown in pots. Occasionally, however, about frost time, some fine specimen appeals to the plant lover for protection, promising a large winter rental in bloom and beauty. Yet under usual conditions the plant is rarely able to redeem its pledges.

Very important to successful lifting of large plants from the ground, is the time of day. Experience shows that the evening, after four o'clock, is propitious. Perhaps the plant is taking its beauty sleep, and naps so soundly as to offer no resistance to removal. Certain it is that even large heliotropes, especially sensitive to disturbance of the roots, have been transferred from the ground to pots without loss of foliage, or a halt in growth and vigor.

Prune the plant from old or multiple growth, long branches, etc., pinch or trim the good wood into shapeliness. Soak the pot, unless already wet. The best soil is a compost of manure, autumn leaves and other vegetable matter, reduced by time and decay to a fine, homogeneous mass. To this add a fifth part of good garden earth. Always sift potting soil.

If this compost is not available, mix two parts of well rotted, old manure, and one part good garden earth. If this earth is clayey or heavy, substitute sand or coal ashes for one-half of it. Cover the bottom of the pot with potsherd or cinder, and one inch of soil.

On lifting the plant, gently shake the earth from the roots, which should fill the pot without uncomfortable crowding to within two inches of the top. It is better that the roots be even a little crowded than to have too much pot room.

Gently press the soil about the roots, leaving no interstices. Fill to within an inch of the top of the pot. Plunge the pot to almost its depth into a vessel of tepid water. When thoroughly saturated, fill up with dry soil. Shade for some days.

Before lifting large geraniums for the house, prune the roots by cutting down all round the stalk three inches from it, the depth of a trowel. Prune the top severely.—New York 'Observer.'

Some Pretty House Plants.

Most housewives are fond of a bit of green foliage about the home to add to its general cheeriness, and particularly is it the case with those who live in flats—a mode of city life becoming more and more popular everywhere—and who have no yard to raise flowers in. The plants mentioned below are such as I have had experience with myself and are extremely nice for sunny windows; there is no expense attached to procuring them, and they can be grown with but very little trouble if one is welling to expend a few minutes' care on them daily, says Miss Coleman in 'What to Eat.' It is a very simple matter to drop several lemon seeds in a pot or box of rich sandy soil, keeping it in a warm place and watering it occasionally, yet in a short time these seeds will sprout, and grow rapidly into as beautiful a plant as one could desire for the embellishment of a room. The leaves are exquisitely clean and glossy, and in a couple of years the miniature lemon tree will have developed into quite a pretentious bush, hardy and strong, that may then be transferred to a larger pot or tub, like those used for palms and rubber plants. Orange seeds grow likewise if subjected to a similar treatment as the lemon, and strange as it may seem, these diminutive sub-tropical shrubs will in time bear natural fruit. Date seeds, too, grow in this manner, rewarding the planter, after no very extended period of waiting, with a genuine date palm that the florists would charge a pretty sum for if one went to purchase it. Either of these plants requires no special treatment in its care, simply watering it when the earth seems to need it, which would be once a day, perhaps, in summer, and as often in winter, if the place where it is kept was very much heated. Keeping the dust off plants is another important item, this being done by brushing the foliage with a dampened sponge, or spraying them with water; of the two ways, the former is preferable, especially when they are in the house. The green top of a pineapple planted in a pot of soil, the same as that used in the foregoing, will amaze one by its celerity in taking root and its fast growth afterwards.

A Good Cleansing Cream.

Cleansing cream made after the following recipe is highly recommended for general use in the household. It will remove greases pots from coats, carpets or any wooden texture, paint from furniture, and ink from paint. This cream will keep an indefinite period: Cut four ounces of white castile soap very fine and put it over the fire in a quart of hot water to dissolve; as soon as it is thoroughly melted add four quarts of hot water, and when nearly cold stir in four ounces of ammonia, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of glycerine and two ounces of ether.

Selected Recipes.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy add a teaspoonful of melted butter, stir well, then add gradually a cup of milk, stirring and mashing the hominy until it becomes a soft, smooth paste. Then add a teaspoonful of white sugar and a well beaten egg. Roll into oval balls, with floured hands, roll in beaten eggs, then in bread crumbs, and fry in lard or drippings.

DELICIOUS LUNCHEON SANDWICHES.—Mix up fine any cold boiled or roasted chicken; also mince up fine some well-roasted peanuts or almonds. Trim the crusts from thin slices of bread and cut in any desired shape. Butter and then put a layer of chicken; spread a little mayonnaise dressing over it, then a layer of minced nuts. These are delicious, and make a fine dish for luncheon or tea.

DELICATE CAKE AND CARAMEL FILLING.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, half a cup of cream, whites of eight eggs, one teaspoon of flavoring and one of baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, then add the cream, eggs and flour. Add the baking powder last. The filling. Three cups of soft yellow sugar, half a cup of butter and one of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla. When cold beat until it is light, then spread between the layers.—'Illustrated Kentuckian.'

LEMON CUSTARD.—Take three lemons, two cupsful of fine white sugar, three eggs, one teablespoonful of corn starch, and one cupful of rich sweet milk. Separate the whites and yolks, and beat the latter with the sugar until very light, grate in all the colored part of the lemon and squeeze in the juice; stir the starch into the milk, then all together, let it cook slowly until it thickens, and pour on a nice flaky crust. When nearly done, make a meringue of the remaining whites, and let it brown slightly. When properly made, this dessert is said to be both ornamental and delicious.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Melt a little butter in a frying pan and break the eggs into the pan; as soon as the whites are on the point of setting, stir them together with a wooden spoon. When done, they will look streaky. Do not let them burn, gentle heat is needed. They should be served at once.

Every Boy Wants
A WATCH and CHAIN.
FREE
For selling 25 copies of that popular illustrated monthly, the "Canadian Pictorial" at 10 cents each. Send us the $2.50 and you get at once a guaranteed Ingersoll Watch, stem wind, stem set, and a neat, serviceable Chain. Watch alone for selling 20. Other premiums—all good. Everyone likes the "Pictorial." It "sells at sight." Beautiful glossy paper. Over 1,000 square inches of exquisite pictures in each issue. Many worth framing. Orders for current issue rushing in. Don't be among the last. Orders promptly filled. Send no money, but drop us a postcard, and we will forward supply of "Pictorials" also premium list and full instructions. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial," "Witness" Block, Montreal.
N.B.—Besides earning premiums, your sales will all count in our splendid prize competition. Write for particulars.

For the December issue, all offers of premiums for selling the 'Pictorial' are open to boys in Montreal city and suburbs, who must, however, call at the 'Witness' Office, for supplies, etc.
This is a good chance as so many will want three or four to use as Christmas gifts.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.
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$12 WOMAN'S FALL SUITS, $6 50
Tailored to order. Also Suits to $25. Send today for free Cloth Samples and Style Book.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Ont.

FREE.

If you send 40 cents for one year's subscription to the "Messenger," new or old, and cut this advertisement out and pin it to your letter, or refer clearly to this offer, we will send FREE, a copy of the fine Christmas number of the "Canadian Pictorial." To claim this, subscriptions should be in by December 1, as there will be an enormous call for this Christmas issue.

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(Strictly in Advance.)

Single copies .. .. $ .40 a year
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SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFER.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger,' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'